

London's Great Show

Restor'd and Perform'd

On *Tuesday*, October the 29th 1689.

For the Entertainment of the Right Honourable

Sir Thomas Pilkington, Kt.

LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

Containing a Description of the

Several PAGEANTS, and SPEECHES,

Together with a SONG

For the Entertainment of Their MAJESTIES, who with their
Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Denmark, the whole
Court, and Both Houses of Parliament, Honour his Lordship
this Year with their Presence.

ALL SET FORTH

At the Proper Cost and Charges of the Right Worshipful Company of

SKINNERS.

By M. T.

Londinum Urbs Inclita Regum.



London, Price 10 for English Currier at Sir Edmund Currier's Hand Press

SKINNERS

At the first of the year, the Currier's Hand Press
will be the first of the year, the Currier's Hand Press
the year with their presence.

Thomas P. King & Co.

London, Price 10 for English Currier at Sir Edmund Currier's Hand Press

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir Thomas Pilkington, Kt.

LORD MAYOR

OF THE

City of London.

TH O' there be several Remarkable Occurrences Contributing to the Solemnity of this Day, (as the Presence of their Majesties, the Court, &c.) yet the general Joy, and Satisfaction of the City, is no less Worthy of Record, which is as Universal as their PREPARATIONS are Publick. Nor can it Chuse but add a Rubrick in the Kalender of Your Life, that you were the first Advanced to the Pretorical Chair of this Great *Metropolis*, after the Year of Redemption, the Happy Day of Deliverance from *Pagan* and *Egyptian* Bondage, by Miracles and Wonders. When Idolatry, like a Deluge, had Over-spread the Land, and the Church, like the Ark, lay Tottering upon the Billows, then came the Dove with the Olive-Branch of Joy; He Allay'd the Swelling of the Waters, Restoring us to our Liberty, and Religion. When Arbitrary Force, and Lawless Usurpation had Unreasonably Imposed upon us New Lords, and New Laws, contrary to the Practice, and known Customs, of this City. Then did You, in Defence of our Just Rights and Liberties, stand in the Gap, and Bravely Oppos'd the Violence of the Impetuous Torrent. So great a Champion were You, and so zealous an Asserter of these Rights, that You prefer'd our Privileges before your Liberty, and Gloried in Your Chains, while

You were yet a Magistrate, became Twice a Prisoner. Like *Daniel*, You are taken out of the Lion's Den to be a Ruler over us. Nor had those Ravenous Beasts any Power over You, altho' their Malice was sufficiently Exasperated against You. Their Jaws were stop'd till the Delivering Monarch Order'd You Enlargement, raising You Higher by Your *Fall*, and a greater Object of His Favour by Your *Sufferings*. This Royal Bounty of the Prince could not but beget in us a Grateful Emulation to Prefer You in the City, for whose sake You had Suffer'd such long and severe Persecution. The Chair being Vacant by the Death of *Sir John Chapman*, with one Consent You are Chosen for the remaining Time, and then with an Unanimous Heart and Voice of the Elective Assemblies to continue for the Ensuing Year. *My Lord*, we mention not this as a Favour done, but as a Debt due to Your Sufferings, and at last should think all this too little, were it in our Power to do more. This must stop the Mouth of Envy, that all Tongues must confess Your own Merits have most justly Advanced You. You have Asserted our Rights, Restor'd our Customs, and Immunities. Every thing runs clear in its proper Channel. That it may never again be Disturb'd by the Violence of Impetuous and Arbitrary Men, is the Prayer of

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Obedient,

and most Devoted,

Humble Servant,

M. Taubman.

To the RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
THE
COMPANY
OF
SKINNERS.

Right Worshipful,

T Here is not a Company in this famous City, (tho' yet more ancient) has arrived to the Dignity you have done: You have had the Honour to have Six Kings Members of your Society, and this Year a KING and QUEEN for your Royal Guests, in the First Year of their Reign, and the First of your Deliverance from Arbitrary, and Tyrannical Impositions.

There is yet another Remarkable Honour worthy to be Recorded, the deserving Patriot of his Country Sir THOMAS PILKINGTON Lord Mayor, whom (Signaliz'd for his Sufferings) you have most deservedly exalted from a Prison, to the Pretorical Chair. This will be your Applause for what is done, that his Lordships own Merits have given him a Title thereunto. Your costly Preparations, Prudent Contrivance, and bounteous Contribution towards so glorious an Entertainment, is not only a Demonstration of your Respect to his Lordship, but of Zeal to their Majesties. That you have made me an humble Instrument to contribute towards the Preparations of this great Day, requires the Acknowledgment of

Your most humble Servant

M. T.

(15)

LONDON's great Jubilee Reviv'd in the Year 1689.

SIR *John Chapman* being Deceased in the Year of his Mayrolty, the Right Honourable Sir *Thomas Pilkington* was Chosen for the remaining Term. This being Expir'd, He is again Chosen for the Ensuing Year. This time of Election is on, or about *Michaelmas-Day*, there being a Month allow'd for the preparations of the Festival, which falls on the 29th of *October*, the next Day after *Simon and Jude*. During this time there is a Committee Chosen of the most Judicious and Experienced Citizens, to Contrive, Consult, Order, and Debate of all Matters Relating to the Solemnity of this Day; which, for the Antiquity of its Institution, the Grandeur of the Preparations, the Splendor of the Pageants, the Concourse of Nations, and the Stateliness of their Entertainments, may be called the greatest and most Costly in all the Univers. This Year especially Claims the preheminance, being Honoured with the Presence of their Most Sacred Majesties, the Prince, and Princess of *Denmark*, with all the Principal Officers of Court, and both Houses of Parliament. The Bishop of *London*, and all the chief Prelates of the Church. The Lords Commissioners of the Privy-Seal, the Lords Chief Justices of both Benches, the Lord Baron, and all the Learned Judges in the Law. The Four *Dutch*, and all Foreign Embassadors, Envoys, and Residents, who stand more Amaz'd at this Days Entertainment, than any Feast they had either seen, or heard of in all the World before.

It is Necessary, before we come to the Description of the Pageants, to make some Remarks on the preparations of the Morning.

Between Seven and Eight a Clock in the Morning the whole Company, design'd for the Duty of the Day, meet at *Skinners-Hall at Downgate*.

I. The Master, Wardens, and Assistants, in Gowns faced

2. The Livery in Gowns Faced with Budg, and their Hoods.

3. Divers Foins Batchelors in Gowns and Hoods.

4. Thirty Budg-Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.

5. Thirty Gentlemen-Ushers in Velvet-Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his Shoulder, and a White Staff in his Hand.

6. Thirty other Gentlemen for bearing Banners and Colours, some in Plush-Coats, and some in Buff, they also wearing Scarfs about their Shoulders of the Companies Colours. The Motto in the Banners, *To God only be Glory.*

7. Several Drums and Fifes with Red Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company in their Hats, Red and Yellow.

8. The Serjeant Trumpet, and Thirty Six Trumpets more, whereof Sixteen are their Majesties, the Serjeant-Trumpet wearing Two Scarfs, one of the Lord Mayor, another of the Companies.

9. The Drum-Major to the King, wearing a Shoulder-Scarf of the Companies Colours, with other of his Majesties Drums and Fifes.

10. The Two City-Marshals, each of them Mounted on Horse-back, with Rich Furniture, Hoofings, and Crupper Cloth Embroider'd; Six Servitors likewise Mounted to Attend with Scarfs, and Colours of the Companies.

11. The Foot-Marshal, and Six Attendants with the like Scarf and Colours.

12. The Master of Defence with the same Scarf and Colours, having Ten Persons of the same Science to Attend him,

13. Threescore Pensioners Accommodated with Gowns, and Caps, each of them employ'd in bearing of Standards and Banners.

14. Several other Pensioners in Blew-Gowns, White-Sleeves, and Black-Caps, each of them carrying a Javeling in one Hand, and a Target in the other, wherein is Painted the Coat-Armour of their Founders, and Benefactors of the Company.

Thus order'd and accommodated, they are committed to the management of the Foot Marshal, who distributes them into Seven Divisions, and ranks them out two by two, beginning with the inferior part of the Standard Bearers. In the head of them are placed two Drums, one Fife, and one Gentleman, bearing the Company's Arms.

In the Rear of them, two Gentlemen bearing Banners, being the Arms of deceased Benefactors.

After them march the aged Pensioners in Gowns, and in the Centre of them, fall in two Drums, beating the *Dutch March*, in Token of their Deliverance by the Prince of Orange, His present MAJESTY.

In the Rear of them fall in three Drums, one Fife, and two Gentlemen in Plush-Coats, bearing two Banners or Ensigns, one of the **KINGS**, the other of the Companies. After them fall in Six Gentlemen Ushers, and likewise the Budg Batchelors.

The next two Gentlemen bearing two other Banners. After them fall in Six Gentlemen Ushers, and after them the Foyns Batchelors.

In the Rear of them fall in two Drums, and a Fife. Then two Gentlemen, the one bearing my Lord **MAYORS**; the other the City Banners. After them Twelve Gentlemen Ushers, and after them the Court of Assistance, which makes the last Division.

The Right Honourable the **LORD MAYOR**, with the principal Aldermen and Sheriffs, while this is doing, take their usual Repasts in *Skinners-Hall*, while the Trumpets sound a Levit, and the Kettle-Drums eccho their harmonious Sounds in the Court. Having Notice of the Companies motion, his Lordship mounts his Horse, with the Aldermen in their Order, two by two, the Sheriffs in the Rear.

In this Equipage of two and two, till taking in his Lordship and his Attendants, they march directly from *Skinners-Hall* through *Queen-street* into *Cheapside*, there being no Lord Mayor this Year, to join him from *Guildhall*.

In this Order they march to the *Three-Crane Wharf*, where they enter into their several Barges, which are gloriously adorn'd

adorn'd with Banners, Flags, and Pendants. His Lordship at the Stairs next *Westminster* for the Priority of place, as Admiral to this golden Armado ; the rest of the Companies at another pair of Stairs, yet so, as in Order and Seniority : For this peaceful Navy moves not like Men of War by Couples, grappling in an Engagement, but, like Princes of the Blood, one by one, that their state may be more discernable, and their Grandeur the more remarkable. In the mean time the Gentlemen Ushers, Budge Batchellors, and Foyn Batchellors have their opportunity to repair to their several places of Defection.

His Lordship being Landed at *Westminster Stairs*, and performed the accustomed Ceremony of taking the Oaths, comes at last to the *Exchequer Bar*, where the Lord Chief Baron makes an Elegant, but short Speech ; which being ended, the LORD MAYOR, with his Retinue marching down *Westminster-Hall*, repair to their respective Barges, which return in the same Form and State they went. Nothing but Gold and Saphir represent themselves unto your view : The Pendants flying, Drums beating, Trumpets sounding, Musick playing, which is echo'd from the several Pleasure-Boats, and others that are playing from each side with Pattarara's, and other small Pieces, to compliment them as they pass, insomuch that the *Thames* is nothing but a continual flowing Harmony, which never Ebbs till his Lordship is Landed.

After this glorious Object upon the Water had afforded all that could be delightful to the Eye or Ear, his Lordship hastens to *Black-Fryers-Stairs*, where the Batchelors are ready set in order by the Foot-Marshal, as in the Morning, to attend Him, and both Bodies conjoined, march up *Ludgate-Hill*, and so into *Cheapside*, till about the *Half-Moon Tavern*, where his Lordship is entertain'd with the first Pageant, which is thus adorned.

The First Pageant

IS a Triumphant Chariot, adorn'd with Oriental Pearl, Topaz and Carbuncle. This stately Structure is carry'd by a Panther and Sable, which are the Supporters of the Right

Worshipful the Company of **SKINNERS**. Their Ensign, or Bearing, is no less Honourable and Peculiar, being Ermin in a Field Argent, Three Crowns on a Chief Gules, with Caps of the First. The Crest a Panther Couchant, with a Wreath and Lawrels about his Neck, as hath the Supporters. The Motto, *To God Only be Glory*. They were formed a Society in the First of King *Edward III.* who was the first Founder of this ancient Society. Since this time, in so high a value was this Company with the Court, that from the first Founder no less than Six Kings have been Founders and Members of this Corporation, *Edward III. Richard II. Henry IV. Henry V. Henry VI. Edward IV.* Besides Nine Dukes, Two Earls, and One Lord. The Crest and Supporters of the said Arms, was obtained and granted by *William Harvey* Clarenceux, who was free of the same Company, *Anno Dom. 1561.* These Arms, with the Supporters and Crest as blazon'd, are painted on an Imperial Arch of the *Dorick* Order in the Frontispiece of the Chariot. **HONOUR** placed in a distance below beats the Kettle Drum, which is an Emblem to the Marrial Bands and Artillery of the City, to be ready for their Arms in Case of Defence.

On a Distance above, under an Imperial Canopy of Golden Fringe, sits **AUGUSTA**, Representing the Famous City of *London*. At her Foot sit *Peace* and *Concord* before, behind *Mercy* and *Innocency* as her Attendants, which we will describe hereafter.

On the Panther is mounted a Figure, Representing *Wisdom*; For, besides its Usefulness, it exceeds the *Lyon* in Cunning, being of that Subtily, that he will decoy the *Lyon* from his Den, who, in hopes to make him his Prey, is catch'd himself in the snare: For this subtle Creature being of a slenderer Shape, digs its Den to his own Dimension, wherein leaping to defend himself from the Violence of the enraged *Lyon*, who leaping after, sticks by the middle, and becomes his Prey.

On the *Sable* is placed *Government*, because the *Sable* is the distinction of *Honour* by their Ermin, and those persons of Honour so distinguish'd: (Not by their Merits only) are the People to whom the *Government* is generally committed.

Honour in a Purple Robe wrought with Gold, a Mantle of White Silk Fring'd with Crimson, bearing in her Left-hand a Shield of the Companies, in her Right a Banner of my Lord Mayors. On a Coronet of Stars, Or, this Motto, *Honor solius Dei est*.

Wisdom in a Silver Robe and Blew Mantle feeded with Stars, and Fring'd with Silver. In the one Hand bearing a Banner with this Inscription, *Sapientia Docet*; in the other, a Banner of the City's.

Government in Armour of Silver and an Helmet; in the Right-hand, a Gold Truncheon; in the Left a Banner of the Kings.

Peace in a Robe of White scatter'd with Stars; in the Left Hand a Branch of *Palm*; in the other a White Flag.

Concord in a Crimson-Colour'd-Robe, a Sky-Colour'd-Scarf, Fring'd with Silver, Fair Bright Hair. About her Head a Garland of Red and Yellow Flowers, representing the happy Concord of King and People, Court and City in the Honour this Day Confer'd upon them, in their Majesties Presence; in her Left-hand a Shield charg'd with a Grove of Myrtles; in her Right-hand a Banner of the Companies.

Mercy in a Robe of Crimson, and Silver Mantle, holding in one Hand a Spear, in the other a Banner of the City's. Innocence, with an Harmless Mild Countenance. *AUGUSTA*, or *LONDON*, Gloriously Attir'd in a Robe of Crimson, and a Mantle, Or, a Cap of Maintenance, representing the Colours of the King and Company, Salutes his Lordship in these Words,

The First SPEECH

Since first *AUGUSTA* was my ancient Name,
LONDON has more than once been in a Flame.
 Our Fierce Elections, our Domestick Wars,
 Our hot Contentions, and our Civil Fars,
 In a few Years have prejudic'd us more,
 Than all the *JESUIT's* Powder did before.
 But Thanks (my *LORD*) the Cloud is now dispers'd,
 And we are of our former Rights possess'd.

*The Sun, with You, Resumes its Course this Tear,
 And shines again within our Hemisphere.
 All we Enjoy we must acknowledge due
 To England's Great PRESERVER, and to You.
 You did assert our Priviledges. He
 Timely Redem'd from pointed Tyranny.
 You, for our Freedom, sacrific'd your own,
 What more cou'd POMPEY for his ROME have don?
 In some degree, to make you Recompence,
 Behold Peace, Concord, Mercy, Innocence,
 These are the best Supporters of a State,
 My Handmaid's here assign'd on you to wait.*

The Second Pageant.

AN Imperial Throne gloriously Adorn'd with all manner of Jewels, Pearls, and Topaz, Mounted on a Royal Pedestal of the *Compositive, Corinthian, and Roman*, Order. On the top of this Pedestal sits a *Masculine Warlike* Person, stiled *Monarchy*, drest in the Habit of a *Cesar*, with a Scepter in his Hand, and a Lawrel about his Head, holding a Globe in his Hand, with this Inscription, (*Britannia.*) It seems to slip out of his Hands, which he, timely recovering, Kisses, and hugs it in his Arms.

At a distance below, on the *Torus* of the *Base*, are placed the *Four Cardinal Vertues*, *Prudence*, *Justice*, *Fortitude*, and *Temperance*; as the best Support and Foundation of *Monarchy*, all these Vertues being naturally Inherent to our present Monarch. On the lower square of the Cornish are placed *Four Figures*, Representing the *Four Kingdoms*, quarter'd in the Royal Arms, *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, which are Habited as follow,

Prudence in a *Scarlet Robe*, and *Silver Mantle* Fring'd with *Gold*, a *Chaplet of Flowers*, a *Shield Vert*, charg'd with a *Dove Argent*, bearing a *Banner of the City*.

Justice in a *Crimson Robe*, a *Purple Mantle* Fring'd with *Gold and Silver*; in the *Right-hand* bearing a *Shield*, with a *Balance*; in the *Left*, a *Banner of the Companies*.

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Fortitude in a Blew Robe, a Silver-Mantle, a Golden Corset about her Neck, a Garland of *Orange-Leaves*, bearing a Tower *Argent*, and a Banner of the Kings.

Temperance in a White Robe, Green Mantle, a Chaplet of Lillies and *Roses*; in one Hand bearing a Shield, with a Golden Cup,; in the other, a Banner of the City's.

England, or *Britannia*, in a Scarlet-Colour'd-Robe, with a Mantle of Gold, a Crown Imperial; a Trident in her Left-hand, and in her Right, a Standard of *England*.

Scotland in a Blew Robe, a Silver-Mantle, and a Scarf of Gold; a Chaplet of Thistles, with their Leaves about her Head. In her Left-hand a Shield, bearing *St. Andrew's Cross*; in her Right, a Banner of the Kings.

France in an Azure-Colour'd-Robe, spangl'd with Gold-*Flower-De-Luces*. A Crown Imperial dropping, of which he supports with one Hand, bearing in the other a Banner of my Lord Mayor's Arms.

Ireland in a Robe of White Linen, a Mantle of Frize Fring'd with Silver; an Helmet of Gold, with a Lawrel of Shamrogs, or Green Leaves, round it; in the one Hand a Target bearing the *Irish Harp*; in the other, a Banner with the Companies Arms.

His Lordship having View'd the Variety of these Figures, pleas'd with the Ornament of the Pedestal, and the Gloriousness of the Workmanship, makes an Halt, when Monarchy rising in State, with a Golden Scepter in his Hand, descending Three Steps, Addresses him in these Words,

The Second SPEECH.

From Foreign Regions, and the Toyls of War
I come to guard you to a peaceful Chair.
When nought but Chains proclaim'd the Freeman's Doom,
LONDON almost a Tributer to ROME
'Gainst the Intrigues of the Most Christian TURK,
Then great NASSAW was sent to do our Work.
Sent by Indulgent Heav'n to set us Free
From Arbitrary Force and Slavery.

*We now are Happier than we were before,
 The Halcyons build their Nest upon our Shore.
 Hearing the ROYAL PAIR had grac'd your Feast,
 I come with Virtue to intrude a Guest.
 Such Virtues as few other Monarchs have,
 Prudent, Just, Sober, Resolute, and Brave.
 These Virtues shall subdue the Nations under,
 And make their Terror what is now their Wonder.
 England appears in Triumph. All her Tears
 Are vanish'd with our Jealousies, and Fears.
 Scotland's united to the British Crown,
 IRELAND subdu'd, proud FRANCE shall be our own.
 The wither'd Flower de luces Head shall droop,
 His Jesty Neck shall to the ORANGE stoop.
 These shou'd be Trophies of my Victory,
 The Hieroglyphick of true Monarchy.
 But since (my LORD) like Cæsar, you improve
 A Government divided with great JOVE,
 My Laurel at your Footstool I submit,
 And lay my Scepter at his Royal Feet.*

The Third Pageant.

*The Ship P E R S E U S, and A N D R O M E D A, from the
 L E V A N T, Inward Bound.*

AS a further Mark of their Bounty, the Company have
 this Year Added the Ship *Perseus* and *Andromeda*, In-
 ward Bound, from the *LEVANT*, Laden with Spices,
 Silks, Furs, Sables, Panthers, and all manner of Beasts Skins,
 hanging in the Shrouds and Rigging. This Ship is peculiarly
 Attributed to the Lord Mayor, as a proper Emblem and
 Characteristick of his way of Traffick and Adventure,
 being a *Turkey Merchant*. Nor is the Name of *Perseus* and
Andromeda less properly Apply'd, having Analogy and Re-
 spect, as well to his Lordship, as the Company. *Perseus* was
 the Son of *Jupiter* and *Dana*. *Mercury* gave him Wings, that
 is, Sails, with which he Mounts his *Pegasus*, that is, his

Ship, wherein he flew the *Gorgons*, *Medusa*, *Sthenio*, and *Euryole*. He Cut off *Medusa's* Head, whose Hair were Serpents, the Emblem of Envy, and placed it in his Shield. This is peculiarly Adopted to his Lordship, who has overcome his Malicious Enemies, and this Day Rides in Triumph over them. *Minerva* gives him a Golden shield Cover'd with a Goat Skin, called *Aegis*, which is an *Hieroglyphick* of the Companies. He Rescues *Andromeda* from the Sea-Monster; the Moral is, the Church from the Deluge, that was ready to Over-flow it. How Applicable this is to the present Revolutions of this Year, will need no Comment to Explain.

This Ship has on Board it a Jolly Brave Captain, Master, Gunner and his Mate, Boatswain, Pilot, besides the ship's Crew, continually Topping, Bousling, and Carousing, who for Joy of coming into *England*, having the Pot, or Quarter-Can, continually at their Noses, get Merry with Drinking their Majesties, and his Lordships Health, discharging a Cannon at every Round. The Boatswain giving the signal with his Whistle, Three great *Huzzas* are given, and the Health is renew'd with a Cannon, as before, and a Bowl of Punch.

Boatswain, Sixty Fathoms and an half, *Ho*; Helm a Lee, starboard, hard a Port, thus, keep her thus; there, there, fall not off, brave Boy, well steer'd, *Pilot*, and better Con'd. Helm a Lee. This Son of a Whore he'll Overfet us, Loof, Loof, you Dog, No Near. What a yaw this *Lubberly-Land Crab* has made us, steady, steady, Port, there she scuds away.

The MARINERS SONG.

Captain.

NOW Boys, our Voyage is out,
And we are Richly Fraught,
While Fools do stay
At Home and Play,
We trace the World about.

Pilot. Wou'd I were in close Harbor,
From Noise of Port and Larbor.

Boatswain. Thoud'it run a Head
With YENNY in Bed,
And Anchor in her Harbor.

Pilot. But if She shou'd not come to it,
If she shou'd not come to it,

Boatswain. If she has a Rudder,
As well as her Mother,
I'll warrant thee Boy she will do't.

Boatswain. Sixteen Fathom and a Quarter, Master, Port.

Captain. Haul in your main Braces, Down with your Anchor, and
Fore your Topfale to the Royal Sovereign of London.

The Captain's SPEECH.

THro' Storms and Tempests I am here arriv'd,
Fierce as your Foes against your Life contriv'd.
The Seas, the Winds, our Ruin and conspire,
Their Tumults, Torrents, their Hot Brains a Fire.
A Thirst of Ruling over Judg and Bench,
Which nothing but an Holland Draft could quench.
To trade to Turkey we in vain had sail'd,
If Mahomet in England had prevail'd,
Or the most Christian Sultan nearer home,
By sly Intrigue had made her Slave to ROME.
But, thanks to Providence, the Storm is o're,
And we once more arriv'd on Native Shore.
We Boast not of the Riches brought from Far,
Vertue, not Riches, must support the Chair:
Justice and Peace your Pilot be to steer
A steady Course thro' the Ensuing Year.

The Fourth Pageant.

THis is a Scene of Mirth and Jollity, and called the
Company's Pageant, in which are various strange Fi-
gures.

gures and Shapes is lively Representing their Mystery and Occupation. It is a spacious Wilderness, in which are Planted all sorts of Trees, Bushes, Shrubs, Brambles, Thickets, and Groves. In the former part the *Orange-Tree* with its Fruit flourishing in their Prime. This Wilderness is Haunted and Inhabited with all manner of Wild-Beasts, and Birds of various Shapes and Colours, even to Beasts of Prey, as Wolves, Bears, Panthers, Leopards, Sables, and Beavers, even to Dogs, Cats, Foxes, and Rabbits, which Tost up now and then into a Balcony, fall off upon the Companies Heads, and by them Tost again into the Crowd, affords great Diversion: with these, several Oranges of the Trees which are Planted at every Corner of the Wilderness, which is no less Divertive.

In the Rere of this Wilderness is Erected a spacious Triumphal Arch, the Banisters Richly Gilded, all the Rails and Columns Adorn'd with Ensigns and Coats of Arms of their Majesties, the City's, his Lordship, and the Companies. About the Column, under the Lord Mayor's Coat, is Painted this Inscription in Capital Letters,

DEPRESSUS SURGO.

In the Front of this Triumphal-Arch, which is of the First, and *Tuscan* Order, sits *Amphyon* playing upon an *Ho-Boy*, with Two *Dryades*, or Wood-Nymphs, one on each Hand; These Wood-Nymphs seeming to be Charm'd with his Musick, whose Melodious Harmony likewise Allays the Fury of the Wild Beasts, who are continually Moving, Dancing, Curvetting, and Tumbling, to the Musick, while the Birds are Chanting their Wild Notes amongst the Trees in every Grove and Thicket.

These *Dryades* are Habited alike, of a Brown and Tawny Complexion; Hair Thick and Long, hanging loose over their Shoulders, and their Attire of a Dark Green.

Amphyon a Young Man of a Ruddy Complexion, in a Robe of Crimson Velvet, on his Head a Coronet of Red and White Flowers, with his *Ho-Boy* in his Hand, making his Obeysance, Expresses the Charms of his Melodious Harmony in this short Speech,

AMPHION'S Speech:

IN this Wild Haunted Wilderness you see
 The Powerful Effects of Harmony;
 This Harmony, (My Lord,) doth Represent
UNION, which is the Soul of Government:
 London's a Den where Savage-Beasts do Lurk,
 Keep them in Concord, and you do your Work.

This being the Last Pageant, placed at the End of King's street, his Lordship moves to Guild-Hall, where he is ready to Receive their Majesties, who come Attended with the City Royal Regiment of Horse. The Trumpeters Coats of Crimson Velvet Laced down with silver and gold Lace. The Trumpets made with silver, and several Damask Standards and Banners very Richly Embroidered, with Kettle Drums; While their Majesties are at Dinner, they are Entertain'd with the following Song.

A SONG to their MAJESTIES in Guild-Hall.

(1)

HO W great are the Blessings of Government made,
 By the excellent Rule of Our PRINCE.
 Who, while Troubles and Cares do his Pleasures invade
 To his People all Joys do's dispense:
 And while He for Us is still caring and thinking,
 We have nothing to mind but our Shops and our Trade,
 And then to divert us with Drinking,
 And then to divert us with Feasting and Drinking.

CHORUS.

From Him we derive all our Pleasures, our Pleasures, and Wealth,
 Then Fill me a Glass, may, Fill it up, Fill it up Higher,
 My Soul is athirst for Their MAJESTIES Health,
 And an Ocean of Drink cannot quench my Desire,
 Since all we enjoy to His Bounty we owe,
 'Tis fit all our Bumpers like that should overflow,
 'Tis fit all our Bumpers, 'Tis fit all our Bumpers

Then whil'st in a Consort the Minstrels do play,
 Let a Health to great **CÆSAR** go round.
 He who crowns with his Presence the State of this Day,
 Whom all Conquering Lawrels have Crown'd
 And whil'st we enjoy the inestimable Blessing,
 The Extent of our Freedom, each Man his own way,
 Let's shew it in Thankful Carelessing,
 Let's shew it in Thankful, in Thankful Carelessing.

CHORUS.

From Him we derive all our Pleasures, our Pleasures, and Wealth,
 Then Fill me a Glass— &c.

A Song to the LORD MAYOR, and Company.

Come, Boys, Drink an Health to the *Chiefs* of the **CITY**,
 The Loyal **LORD MAYOR**, and the Legal **COMMITTEE**.
 The Imperial **CITY** this Year that with **YOU**
 Hath restor'd us our *Lives*, and our *Liberties* too.

With *Justice*, and *Peace*, may it ever be *Flourishing*,
 May the *Heads* that support it agree in their *Voicing*,
 May a strong *Tide* of *Union* still flow in your *HAIR*,
 And no *Sin* of *Faction* ere beat down your *Wall*.

A Health to the **DONS** of the *Company's Table*,
 Crown every Bumper with *Ermin* and *Sable*.
 If *Ermin's* the *Emblem* of *Honour*, then *Ton*,
 As well as their *Lordships*, are *Dignifi'd* too.

From *Heats* and *Contentions* for ever be *Free*,
 Let **CITY** and **COURT** make one *Harmony*.
 May never more *Discord* amongst *Ton* be found,
 But one Loyal **BUMPER** for ever go round.

